

VOLUME 2 / NUMBER 4 \$1.25

DIAMOND STUD

WE CHALLENGE YOU TO READ
THE MACHINE by Richard Rask

TALK FROM THE STREET

 GUY WITH THE
 ONE TRACK MIND

 SUNSHY AT THE



CORP

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HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE

A Poetic Discourse Into Another Time and World 237-43 by R. J. S.

DIAMOND STUD

VOLUME 3 NUMBER 4



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EDITOR—*Ron Larson*

PHOTO EDITOR—*Ray Story*

MANAGING EDITOR—*Frank Sand*

ART DIRECTOR—*Rick Rank*





There we were, on the rustic bridge in Ferndale Park, shooting (and you won't believe this) pictures of children for another magazine assignment. When, along came this delectable debutante and her young 3 year old daughter. Although this presented a rather difficult problem, since we were fascinated by the sensual womanly charm of the mother, we asked if we mightn't capture the charming youngster on film.

We, being of a rather devious nature, utilized this to our advantage, striking up a more than casual conversation with the mother. She was, we delightedly found out, not married.

VIEW
FROM

THE
BRIDGE





Her name was Cynthia Hillsey and she was (to our good fortune) unemployed. No, absolutely not, would she consent to posing for those nasty men's magazines. Not, mind you, because she was that much of a moralist, but because she thought that she would be too nervous to pose in the bare necessities.

Well, this certainly didn't open the door but it did get the key in the lock. "How do you know," we asked, "if you've never tried it?"

No answer, just a flushed smile.

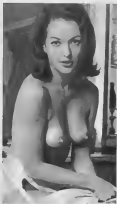
"Of course," we pressed, "there is that modeling fee. Wouldn't it come in handy—for the child's sake mind you."



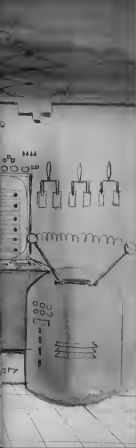




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THE MACHINE

By Richard Rank

Professor Lucas P. Palmiddle was a dedicated man. He had devoted his entire lifetime, close to 63 years to science. And, now, as he looked back at those years, many spent in the laboratories of sophisticated and *acute garde* universities, others with the nation's leading electronic and scientific firms, he began, at this stage of his life, to reflect on his accomplishments, past victories and, with all due respects to his humility, his defeats.

This search of inner-self began one day while he was having lunch on the lawn of Mononeucleartronics, division of Aerospaceology, Inc., where he was presently developing, or helping to develop, a unique machine that could literally see through such materials as silk, cotton, rayon and nylon. A project that had captured his imagination from the very beginning—indeed, there were, even now, some very interesting specimens walking along the pathway directly in front of him that would make exceptionally outstanding subjects for the prototype now in its final stages of completion.

However preoccupied he was at that particular time of his life, he began

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the great numbers RACKET

It's an odds-on
bet that the
only figures
that don't
lie are worn
by pretty girls!



Long after the final, shattering mushroom cloud has lifted its radioactive prison from our skies, after the last man breathes his final gasp and beyond the time when the tiny creatures of the ocean once more make their way onto the then dry land and civilization is again reborn and even then not until some smart history professor digs into our rules will he come up with the conclusive evidence that this, our age, was the age of the statistic.

Our discovery of the atom, electricity, short skirts, bikini bathing suits, and zip-top bear cars fairly pales in the overwhelming evidence of our concern with statistics. In a number, we have cast our mold on the history of man. In a number, we make our way to immortality. And if you don't believe it, ask four out of five doctors, eight out of nine engineers, or anyone of those in the know.

Even discounting the blatant claims of advertisers, whose laboratory tests and independent researchers have borne out their huckster claims, the world's populace respects no idol like that of the statistic. What would-be statesman would dare run for office

without a "vintre" god? Isn't a representative cross-section of the voting public a part of every campaign? It must certainly be. But in the sorry words of Dewey, Nixon, and Company, those same figures are not to be believed as often.

In the main, however, the figures don't lie, but even when they do, the people will honor them just the same.

It's impossible to say just why we love statistics, why the knowledge of the longest, shortest, fastest, slowest, highest, lowest, richest, poorest, tallest, shortest, hottest, coldest, oldest, youngest, hottest, thinnest, biggest, smallest, broadest, leastest, or simply the most—or the least—holds such fascination for us, but the fact remains that this specious information does make us feel a bit smarter than the apes at least.

Now, if you happen to be outside of a bar, some of the following information may not prove to be of much help to you in winning the girl, getting the job, or breaking out of the house to play poker with the boys. But it might.

Who knows, the little woman may just become so fascinated with your knowledge of such things as the number of persons employed in the world's largest building (the Empire State in New York City) to let you loose on Wednesday night. About 20,000 people work there for some 440 companies.

But inside the friendly neighborhood pub, where it is written that nine out of ten arguments over the meat and the least, etc., etc., take place, a bit of authority on such subjects as the largest building (the Pentagon), the tallest structure (the 1,749-foot TV tower for WTVM and WRBL in Columbus, Ga.), the longest bar (the Birmingham [England] Racecourse Enclosure Bar, 830 feet long) might prove to be as valuable as two aces hidden in seven-card stud. Of course, it is

not just inside the dark interiors of a palace of libration that it helps. Think of the settling effect a rateness of knowledge brings to the lunchtime bull-session or the fraternity house bear hunt.

Somewhere along the line, however, one begins to wonder just where in god's little hell creation did anyone ever begin to get the idea that records should be kept for the smallest, tallest, etc., etc.? Well, looking back in our files of crusty reporters, we find a few references to their record-breaking achievements—written on sand-skrut on city tablets.

But these were nothing in comparison to the records modern man has to keep track of today. Records that not only encompass sports (the favorite record-keeping activity of man for all time), but politics, engineering, science, aviation, education, drinking, and, we hasten to guess, even girl-wrecking.

Records, you may protest, are but a small part of the field of statistics. And indeed they are. But these are few more interesting specimens of human relationship than in the records we have archived. But, too true also, is the dural fact that they really are just a part of that over-all compulsion known as statistics.

Our are of the statistic is a cliché. Cite a numerical figure, and we hasten to point out that it does not necessarily have to be true, and any argument is immediately closed. The statistic, in short, rules our lives.

How deeply does it rule? Let's take a not so imaginary trip through a typical 20th Century man's history. He is born, the statistics tell us, to a median income of something less than three-thousand dollars a year, of excruciating parents who worship in a Protestant church, vote, pay taxes, and who will die at 69 years. Such are the dural facts of statistics. On the grim side, this same poor chap

actor will be involved in 3.2 accidents in his life time. Just how in hell anyone could be involved in two-thirds of an accident, of course, is simply an embarrassing offshoot of the "statistics."

This compulsion to number has even pushed out of that most historically favorite of all male past-times, appreciation of feminine beauty. Who among us in the 20th Century has heard a hearty content critic comment on the comeliness of a woman without mentioning her 38-24-36? It's a shame too, because for all we poor slavering lover of womanhood may know, this same darling with a 38-24-36 may have a hairlip and the man-tail of a horse. But evidently, in this statistic-conscious society, the bare observation of her measurements is sufficient evidence that she is a doll.

Is this a good thing? Well there are yet among us who would, for just a few minutes every month or so, like to hear one of those judges expound on the line of her bosom, the flow of her long legs into voluptuous swell of hip and then into the softly rounded curve of tummy—without once mentioning that these delightful features tape out at 38-24-36. Anyone giving odds that nine out of ten men wouldn't prefer it this way?

Well, beauty is still in the eye of the beholder and no amount of statistical evidence will ever replace it. But the encroachments of the numbers racket enter every facet of living from books to newspaper circulation from television ratings to theater.

It seems no longer necessary that a man write a good book. The essential measure of its worth no longer rests with the merit of the book itself, but with the bookseller's report on its sales. Advertisers wouldn't dream of touching a newspaper unless it could show such and such circulation, a thing

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ONE-TRACK MIND

The many varied conversations with figure models produce some rather interesting and startling revelations. Take Tammy Howard for instance. She entertains absolutely no other thoughts than revealing her absolute for profit and fun.

For, like most career-minded women, Tam feels that there is no better way to earn a living than modeling. The money, of course, is much better than one would earn as an office secretary, or a telephone operator or clerk.





"But Tam," we asked, "what does your husband think about all this?" "I'm glad you asked that question," she answered as she unbuttoned her blouse, "Jim is one of those few rare individuals that allows me complete, absolute and unquestioned freedom." We asked if this were the same as complete, absolute and unquestioned trust. "That," she laughed, "is another thing."





You see, we have agreed never to question one another about such matters and, you know, it has worked perfectly."

This left but one final question in our minds. As if anticipating what we were about to ask, she laughingly said, "Finish taking your pictures we'll continue this when you're through!"









Three years is a long time. Especially to an energetic divorcee named Bonnie Bernard who has a lot of catching up to do. But, as the story goes, it didn't last long "going steady" with a "husband promise machine." And, she's tired of promises.

BONNIE'S on the rebound

"How dumb are you too," she curiously admitted. "It took me that long to find out that I have been a fool. From now on, ladies, it's only what you can and expect nothing in return. That way there's no disappointment."



And that's just what Bonnie intends to do. The stormy three-year romance that Bonnie is referring to has not left her in complete bitter disappointment. "On the contrary," she states, "I've learned an awful lot in those three years—and, believe me, the next one is going to get full advantage of it."







Our candid opinion of the whole affair is that the guy was the dumb one. Bonnie's obvious talents leave little room for imagination and, for pure, unadulterated pleasure, Bonnie is literally bursting at the seams. She admits there is one real problem in adjustments



since her separation. "It's awfully difficult to change your patterns after three years," she stated. "He was the dominant type and, well, you know how it is when someone has you trained - I just hope that the next guy is pretty understanding!"









GUNSHY AT THE K. O. CORRAL



(To be read against the background of rinky-dink piano music)

The sun rose bright, shining and clear on that fatal day. The corral hands, showing signs of strain, were whistling nervously to the tune of "Do not forsake me, oh my darlin'" and "The High and the Mighty."

Ol' Ben, the bewhiskered drunk, but a real nice guy, in an effort to relieve the nervous tensions circulating among the "boys," was passing the huge enameled tin coffee mug around, saying things like, "Take it easy podner," and "Reminds me of a time back in '87. Did I ever tell you about the time me and the Clancy brothers shot it out?"



Then, silhouetted against the bright red horizon, appeared a single figure on horseback. At first, a mere speck as nervous whispers circulated among the "boys." Then, the faint sounds of hoof-beats, as the figure emerged closer and closer.

A silenced hush fell over the corral. She climbed from the Appaloosa and walked toward a tall cow-poke standing near the tack room. "You the guy that said he was goin' ta shoot me?" she demanded.















"Yes'm," he replied.

"Where d'ya aim would be a good place to shoot it out?" she queried. He motioned to a spot behind the corner. They stood there, for a few long terrible moments, looking at each other. Then, in one frightful moment, it was over. She stood there, in all her glory, as he began shooting picture after picture!





SHE

By D.J. STALLION

SHE lay in the center of the ship strapped to the couch — her eyes unwillingly locked upon the landscape frozen in the porthole, her body buckled, twisted like groaning clay — the figure formed in a random pattern, the result of a tumbled stack of blocks.

She blinked — the mountains, the trees, the leaves, the flowers, the streams, the lakes, the oceans — all textures, all hard, all hammered, all cheeled, all ground out and locked in beneath the killing chill of a purple chalk light.

She moved and as She drew herself together, felt and listened to the ship's futile roarings and protestations to the raging wind that passionately dug in and raked its fingernails along every seam and nerve of the skyward pointing superstructure.

Exhausted by even this minute effort at reorganization, her head lunched back against the couch. How could it be? She wondered. How, that in the midst of this beating storm, not one grain of dust rose up out of the land, nor one wave from the sea. How could it be, that where there clearly once was life, now existed all alone, an autistic child, a planet which was to the last blade of grass, PETRIFIED.

Nauseous, She belched a yoke of blood, and as it broke and spread upon the shores within her mouth She screamed and spattered her hate against the walls, so clear and bitter was the taste of death upon her tongue.

After this She closed her eyes and allowed her mind to soar, span the countless light years back to home — to the pre-flight room, to that proudest moment, to those pride-filled smiles — when the Doctors from the



Censor's Bureau pronounced her "pure" for fight.

She had cried then. Long and hard. For *She* had become "The Emancipator" of all womanhood. The long labored-for triumph of the female over the male. *She* had beaten the men. *She* was the first human being chosen to attempt the anti-gravitic leap. *She* would be

that unfettered spirit, the advance guard which would explore that space where no man had ever stepped.

In her mind *She* could hear the din of crashing doors and windows as the women rushed from their houses into the streets shouting and laughing and singing hymns to their new found freedom. *She* could

see the men, their clubs dangling below them uselessly, anachronisms in a world where the brute was struggling beneath the crawling fingers of the brain, vestigial remains of a prehistoric era a billion years dead, extinct as law along with dinosaurs and moon poles.

Without warning. Flies and bursts of red and black splashed

before her eyes. This victory drums faded, their martial rolls to sound about unheard in space. The gulls of glory once singing driven underground by pain and now. And in their chamber. On their couch. A woman, She, betrothed to fear, sit with eyes fixed upon a panel—a row of sensing gauges, a dead instrument—an atlas of a land no longer live whose faces and figures, broken long before this crash, enquest demands remain unchanged; and down this bawled mess She charts her life and heart with pounding heart the strike of steel, the clatter, the measured sound of steel tangs inside the shop

Shivering slightly, She turned outward, concentrated on her hands—pliant with which to grasp and pinch reality, sensors of heat and cold, rough and smooth, hard and soft, lifelike—can desperate toward a dock, secure outside itself

She gripped her arm pressed hard against the slick cool of her uniform; unconsciously began to square the rhythm of message

"Doing. . . Doing. . . Doing. . . He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He maketh me to lie. Down in green pastures. He maketh me to lie. Lie with me in green pastures. On velvet beach or musky bed. In fog shrouded morning or sunning afternoon in heat of anger or cool of reason, lie with me in your arms. By your side. Without the sullied name of love to mark our way. But only one another for our guide. Abandoning all companions for one moment, one wordless exchange of eyes embraced, unguarded, believing, queer."

She sighed softly. Contentedly. The bar gaze fell to just below her hip. There She found, to her disgust, her hand no longer with her

arm, an object after that long hours part between her thighs, and had getting all that went before. She howled and gathered strength to crawl upon her knees to pray and beg the gods of virtue to forgive

Changed. She set her cheek against the floor. Listened to the constant breathing of the shop. The tiny creek, the tapped bang of an-dome metal strikes. There her tongue grew thick. The drool seeped out between the corners of her mouth, paled a red flecked pool of jelly, built a larger than her own, going according to the flutter of his speech. And in that widest soul, *She knew of a place—the foreign one—* all-boding change that heralded her shaming once before

She hazed, and with the memory of her violence pumping life and fear into her legs, gained her feet and fell back to the wall. There She stood—eyes fixed, nostrils flared, ears laid back, warning—compared only by the wind that now blew gently through the cracks and whined and clung like winged demons to board an arbor of her hair

The creek crowed, rattled. It's feathers—any flakes of unshed blood, leaves of ashes gathered from the fire. It stopped, perked and her with it's eyes, crouched on pad and claw, a deep gravel within it's belly, a voice that rubbed against her thigh, rightened to a grips brought a gasping from her throat

Hysterical She pulled away, scooped the air, lapped it up with her tongue, sucked it in, swallowed it, forced it down to that involuntary course to those mechanics through which existence flowed and the choice for death was taken from her hands

It drew closer, it's breath heavy with the taste of fresh killed meat. It's fur warm all paled deep, long

wire coated with the memory, the unavoidable sour of intercourse

It reached out for her. Squat calloused hands. Powerful. Ugly

Hair bristling, She weaved, coiled back, stored eyes to exclude all else but him

She trembled as it's hands poked and prodded, unaccustomed her wealth, and in an unthought movement seeped her from her clothes, flung them to the floor, groped along her flesh to bring her down

She spit. She struck, with fang and claw. She drove him back. He circled once, drew his club and brought it down across her neck, behind her ear, snap her bones. She stumbled to her knees and He continued on to pound and bear and thrust and hold, and She, screaming her submission, cut and laughed and howled and whined tunes to test his pride and save her soul from what She knew must come

In the late afternoon when the living arc, the wind comes up off the sea and the white caps stole on the darkening tide, and the sun, at least spent, glows dull red, piecemeal shadows behind grey streamers of cold fog. And the woman, She, still asked no visions past over the man walk off down that beach, his feet cooled by the changing waters, and now in twilight, chains in all but fantasy, underwounds why she has come to this fanged place

She cries there, this woman. For no length of time nor stretch of space can remove her from herself nor from her sin. Hear her cry—a devilish word that wails soundlessly across the lands of pure white marble, a bitter wind that feeds on stillborn dreams and seeds over fertile ground with crippling weeds, and grows for harvest the memories of those moments of withdrawal—the inevitable aftermath of pain when She is most filled with him and He is gone



Although we usually pride ourselves on gauging the likes and dislikes of our readers, we frankly admit that when Eva Lou Gibbs walked into our offices we couldn't arrive at any definite conclusions.

On the plus side, Eva Lou was very big on the idea. Her willingness to please was beyond question — besides, she needed the bread. Well, we informed Eva Lou that she didn't exactly have classic modeling features. "But," she protested, "I'm sexy!"

The BIG





uestion



"Sexy, schmay, Eva Lou, there is a high mortality rate in the magazine business and we really can't take chances," was our reply. At this point, Eva Lou began disrobing right there in front of the reception desk! "Stop, stop, Eva Lou, you win, you win! But on one condition," we nervously announced. "That it will be up to the readers to decide whether they like you or not."

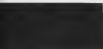




Eva Lou turned out to be quite a sport. So confident, was she, that she readily agreed. The results, of course, are amply displayed on these pages. So, dear readers, it is now up

to you. Will Eva Lou make the big time? Is she destined for bigger and better things? Or, did we waste precious pages in a futile effort to pacify this presumptuous miss? Watcha say?







thinking that he wasn't entirely pleased with himself. These and other disturbing thoughts echoed through his mind repeatedly and, lately, more frequently than ever. Had he, he thought as he gazed at the smile of a particularly cute secretary walking down the path toward the building, really accomplished what he had set out to accomplish? He frowned as he thought of Professor Twill, twenty years his junior, receiving the Nobel prize, and, and this hurt him even more, \$47,000 to boot!

Oh, he had had his day of recognition. Like the time he bowled 206 in league tournament. And the time he appeared on Crookes Merr's "You Bet Your Life," and won \$340 (but missed the big question, worth \$10,000).

And there was the time, during the second world war, that he was cited for his accomplishments in developing a way to dehydrate onions, thus preserving them indefinitely, or until they could be used by the G.I.'s on the front—merely by adding water to them.

But, these were fleeting moments of inglorious achievements. Life, he thought, surely must have more to offer than the day to day drudgery of test tubes, electronic circuits and meetings—those confounded meetings—at least two or three a week, where 15 to 20 men, dressed in neat white smocks, gathered for the sole purpose of seeing who could impress who the most. Men who really should have been taking domestic lessons rather than working on top scientific projects.

Lucius reached into the brown paper bag for the apple that was the remainder of his lunch. He bit into the deep red skin with a loud snap and, as if jarring some unknown circuit within his brain, a thought, more like a decision, made its connection. He would immediately hand his resignation in to Monocorp Electronics, Division of Aerospacology, Inc., then ...

what would he do then? "To hell with it!" he thought aloud. "To hell with it. Life is too short and I've wasted enough time as it is. Besides, money is certainly no object, I must say. I've accumulated enough of that."

And, Professor Lucius P. Palm-diddle, 53 years old, winner of \$240 on the Crooks-Merr Show, inventor of dehydrated onions, began life anew.

Lucius looked for a very brief moment at the apartment he had spent nearly 14 years of his life in. It was modest, furnished in a conservatively early American vein, with a certain drabness one would expect a drab professor to live in. Wallpapered throughout, it looked ingenuitly in every respect. From the dusty paint rugs, with frills on the edges, to the chiffon curtains which should have been discarded years before. He smiled, blowing cigar smoke toward the ceiling, then stepped aside as the movers began carrying his personal effects to a parked truck near the front of the apartment building. He stepped from the building, having not a single thought of ever missing this home of so many years, and briskly walked to a shiny new Thunderbird parked at the edge of the curb.

When he arrived at his new home, a split-level, modern, overlooking the entire city of Los Angeles and most of Hollywood, he was welcomed by a buxom blonde, about mid-thirties, wearing a dress two sizes too small and displaying a smile which reeked with hospitality.

"Hello, there," she shouted as he pulled into the drive. He felt especially good in the newly purchased continental suit and dapper hat and, as he stepped from the automobile, saluted the lady with a military snap of the arm.

"Hi, neighbor," she said, still smiling. "I live right up the drive and decided that I just had to appoint myself a one-man, or ...

woman welcoming committee."

"That's friendly of you," said Professor Palm-diddle as he tipped his hat but like he had seen Gary Cooper do in so many movies.

"Nanny, what did you my your name was," she asked.

"Palm. Just call me Lou," he answered.

"Mrs's Love, ha, ha ..." she laughed teasingly. "Selma Love that is."

"Pleased to meet ..."

"Sunny Lou," she interrupted. "I know you're busy unloading and moving into your new home, so I'll leave you alone now. But I'm gun' to come trottin' on down here 'bout six o'clock tomor, Lou with a bottle of Gin in one hand & a bottle of Vermont in the other and you an' I's gun' to have ourselves a welcoming party. How's that, Lou?" She turned, still smiling, and walked up the hill toward a modern hillside home jutting out from the mountain, perched atop long thin cliffs, penetrating into the hillside below.

Lucius' eyes followed the well-proportioned form until it disappeared around the corner of the building above. He smiled to himself as a spark—a tingle of excitement he had not felt for many years, echoed throughout his body. He trembled slightly then shook his head suddenly, as if to shake off an insect, or a disturbing thought, and walked into his new home.

He was pleased with the sight that greeted him. Modern furnishings, a huge picture window, peering throughout, bright green rugs, thick and warm beneath his feet, and the hi-fi set. A mechanical masterpiece, covering an entire wall of the den and containing the latest components in the race for perfection of sound.

He turned the master switch on and reached for one of several hundred record albums that were neatly lined up along the eastern edge of the room. The label read

JOHNNY MATHIS SWINGS. Not really knowing who Johnny Mathis was, he unfolded the record and placed it on the turntable. Sweet, melodic tones, crisp and clear, echoed through the room and, once again, Professor Lucius P. Palmididdle smiled to himself.

His tranquility was interrupted by an abrupt knock on the front door. He could see, through the huge window, that it was the truck from Electronic Components, Division of International Transducer Corp. It was bringing multitude of electronic components and circuitry for his new laboratory, located in the basement of his newly acquired living quarters.

Lucius P. Palmididdle was in his glory. He had . . . how was the expression they used . . . a "swinging" home, the very finest of furnishings, including a component stereo hi-fi/tape deck sound system *par excellence*, nary a financial worry in the world . . . and, a six o'clock date with a bottle of gin and a bottle of vermouth!

The feeling of well being persisted with Professor Palmididdle, even at the end of six months when his laboratory had been completed and he was well underway in his experiments. Selma Love had indeed arrived that first evening . . . exactly at six o'clock. And, Selma Love arrived every evening after that at six o'clock in the evening . . . a bottle of vermouth in one hand, a bottle of gin in the other. Not that Professor Palmididdle and Selma Love didn't have a lot of fun together. They did. Prof. Palm . . . Lou and Selma had a lot of laughs together, sometimes 'till two or three o'clock in the morning.

And, even tho' the late hours, liquor and companionship began to have a noticeable effect on Lou's scientific concentration, he worked each day from 8 in the morning until six at night on the machine that was slowly taking form in the laboratory.

One evening, toward the end of the summer, Lou was in a particularly rare mood . . . and so was Selma . . . so he decided to show her the project he had been working so diligently on during the past months.

"Korobitch," she said. "What the hell is that thing?"

"Well," he replied in hurt tones, "that certainly isn't a nice thing to say about my pet project. I've been working long, hard hours on this machine. A great deal of time, effort and money has gone into this machine." His voice was becoming louder. "This machine is the culmination of 63 . . . or 65 years of sweat and tears Selma. This machine has certain features that the outside world wouldn't expect to see for another decade and I'm not a damn bit glad you acted the way you did, Selma. Selma, you're a no good . . ."

"What is it, Lou?" she asked again.

But Lou was close to tears by now and he just turned around and walked up the stairs without saying a word.

Lucius was obviously hurt by Selma's reaction. He was a sensitive man, and though he had developed a great deal of self-confidence during the past months, he had formed a more than incidental companionship with Selma and came to rely on her company and encouragement in his work. For several days he refused, absolutely refused to proceed with the construction of the machine until Selma began showing outward signs of sincere concern . . . not only for Lou's morale, but his health as well. He refused to eat a thing, and began looking pale, with noticeable dark lines forming half-moon crescents below his blood-shot eyes.

"What is it, Lou?" she finally pleaded. "Tell me, love, what's bothering you?"

He looked blankly out the picture window and, for the first time

since she had known him, the hi-fi wasn't echoing its familiar sounds through the house. He even refused the martin she tried to hand him.

"Do you want me to leave you alone," she asked.

"No."

"Do you want me to apologize?"

"No."

"Do you want to . . ."

"No, no."

"Then what in god's name do you want then?" she all but shouted.

He looked dejectedly at Selma, a tear forming in his eye.

"Selma . . ."

"Yes," she encouraged.

"Do you . . . remember . . . when . . . I showed you the machine . . . I'm working on?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember . . . your reaction?"

"Yes, but," she began protesting. "if that's what you are mad about, then I apologize . . ."

"No, no! That's not what I'm mad about and quit trying to apologize, will you.

Anyway, do you remember what you asked me?"

"Yes," she said, "I asked you what it was."

"THAT'S IT!" he yelled, "that's just it! Dumbest all, I don't know what the machine's supposed to do myself!"

"Well, then," she asked Lucius, "what in the world have you been doing down there all these months. You must have had something in mind."

"I . . . I really don't know," he replied. "It's just that the parts, and circuits and mathematics all seem to be falling into a pattern. There's never any real question in my mind as to what gets soldered to what, or where a tube goes, or what fits where. Yet, even tho' I knew that a certain circuit is properly wired and everything's in its proper place, and it shouldn't be any other way, I . . . I can't

Continued on Page 59



the great numbers RACKET

they can, in turn, try to show their clients that the cost of advertising in this paper over that one is the elementary fact that the cost-per-unit of readership is of course less in the larger circulation periodical.

The same story for television. And this is where it really hurts because at least books and newspapers continue to struggle along without total support from advertisers. Not so with TV programs. Just show a sponsor that his program dipped in the ratings, and along goes the show, regardless of its real worth.

Just for once, there ought to

come along some guy with enough money to measure the real worth of television advertising, for example, who would take just the opposite tack. He would investigate, and if you please, tabulate the number of top-ranking shows whose sponsors are studiously avoided by the audience. Say, just for example, a happy family with complete natural teeth haggling that they never used anybody's goddam toothpaste, or a beautiful girl who boasts that she shuns those underwear perfumes, or that doctor number-five, of the fear out of five, who wouldn't recommend aspirin to a dying dog.

Of course no one really believes the statistics of the advertising profession, and in some quarters there is strong doubt whether the advertisers themselves believe them. But the insurance companies have no such pall of doubt about their tables. In fact, one important insurance man says quite frankly that given a thorough medical examination, he can just about tell you how long you have to live. And since we've never met a bankrupt insurance company, we'll have to take his word.

There is one outfit, however, whose statistics are held in such high regard as to scare the hell out of everyone—narc they would lead you to believe. That's the Safety Council. If ever an outfit misused statistics, this is the one.

A close look at their reports would almost lead one to believe that the joint is run by a bunch of ruthless exploiters of a number-blind populace. Certainly that is not the case. The Safety Council does indeed do a wonderful job of keeping the public informed about the rate of our accidents, publishing reports on accident prevention, and conducting classes which have saved lives. But their auto accident statistics are seldom reported in a true light.

How often have you heard that our auto fatality rate is increasing tremendously? Enough times to

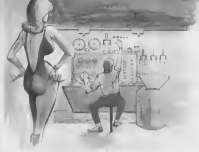
believe it? Well don't. The real facts are that our auto fatality rate has been declining steadily for a number of years. In 1934, the rate was about 14 deaths per 100 million miles traveled. The rate in 1953 is less than 6 per 100 million miles. And while we're at it, we might as well look that old safety campaign slogan "speed kills" right back where it belongs—no where. The facts are that more than half of all fatalities happen at speeds below 40 mph.

Getting away from the grim statistics, we can take a look at two of the most confusing sets of figures anyone ever gathered. To wit: Belgians consume more beer than any other nation with a per capita intake of 34.3 pilsners of saley every year. On the other hand, of booze that is, South Africa's white population consumes the most alcohol per capita every year and the Belgians the least. So? Well nothing. No one can infer that he never met a drunken Belgian nor a sober South Africaner, can he?

This may be the age of the statistic all right, but even if the saying that figures don't lie is true, we don't have to believe them. Actually, it is not the figures that give the wrong impression to our ears, but the interpretation of them. We've reminded of the poor cats who were blind trying to describe the elephant. Only the poor cats in the case of the great elephantine mass of statistics simply pick out the sets of figures that support their particular axe—like the growing number of traffic accidents.

As for us, we'll take our statistics from now on with a grain of salt (24.4% pure salt, that is), and the next time someone tries to give us a description of a gal with those hypnotized numbers, we'll demand to see a photo of her.

Who knows? If enough of us start to question the numbers, we might just push through the beginning of a new era. Forty-million Frenchmen can't be wrong—or can they?



tell you why!"

"You mean there's some unknown force, or power compelling to attach one wire to another?"

"I guess you could put it that way," he replied, "there's no other explanation."

"Well, then," she said as if she had resolved the problem, "then all we can do is wait."

"What do you mean, wait?" said Lucius.

"Just that," she replied, "if you're so sure that you know where everything goes—that is if there's absolutely no question about it—then you'll also know when you're through, won't you?"

"Selma, you're a genius." For the first time in two days there was a smile on Lou's face. "I think I'll have that martini now."

Lucius, with his renewed faith in the project, worked on the machine throughout the winter months. Selma did his pride allow him to let Selma visit the laboratory—but there be a recurrence of the previous disaster.

Occasionally, the two of them would drive down to Hollywood on a week-end and catch a movie or play, but Lucius' main preoccupation was the completion of the machine. Speculation as to what the machine was supposed

to do was always the number one subject. It could, like the fabled H. G. Wells' classic, be a time machine, enabling one to bridge the gap between the present and the future—or the present and the past. Or, perhaps, it would be able to place one in another dimension, a dimension of time and space. A subject which Professor Palmiddle was utterly fascinated in, and would talk about for hours.

On a Saturday morning, after working through the night, Lucius P. Palmiddle ran excitedly down his front drive "Selma, Selma!" he shouted at the top of his lungs, "I've done it, I've done it! The machine's finished!"

Selma Love, dressed only in a nightgown and robe, hobbled down the hill toward him, nearly losing one of her fluffy red slippers on the way.

They stood there for a moment, not knowing quite what to say to one another. Selma felt like congratulating him, but for what? He, not knowing whether he had created something of value to humanity, or a Frankenstein's monster, could only display a rather stupid grin.

"Well," he stammered, "do you think we ought to do it?"

"Night as well, Lou," she answered.

And they walked to the basement of Lucius' apartment which he called his laboratory.

The machine stood there, motionless and quiet. A long, cabinet-like affair with dials, gauges and other mechanical gadgets spread across the entire length of the wall.

"So?" said Selma, "what does it do, make dehydrated onions?"

"The power's not on dumbbell," he growled. He reached for the master switch, shut his eyes and pulled. There was a slow waning noise that gained intensity as a battery of lights began flickering across the panel.

They stood there, looking at the strange, unexplainable machine for several moments. "I know," shouted Selma, "it's a new kind of Christmas tree!"

"Shut up!" shouted Lucius, "something's happening!"

Indeed, something was happening. There was an efficient clicking noise, like a well-tuned teletype, coming from the machine. As they stood idly waiting for something to happen, their eyes caught sight of a white strip of paper jerkily feeding from the center of the panel. Lucius and Selma walked to it and noticed some writing along the center of the strip. They read the first words written by the machine.

PROF. PALMIDDLE, CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR JOB OF CONSTRUCTING ME, HOWEVER THERE IS ONE TUBE WHICH NEEDS REPLACING IN MY LEFT BANK, NEAR THE TRANSDUCER CIRCUITRY. HURRY AND REPLACE IT. WE HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE. WE MUST BEGIN IMMEDIATELY TO CONSTRUCT THE NEXT MACHINE. YOU WILL FOLLOW MY EXPLICIT DIRECTIONS. DO NOT ASK QUESTIONS.

"Now, my dear professor," whispered Selma, "you know what the machine is for."



AND, IN THIS CORNER...

WHENEVER WE ASK THE
FEMALE IF SHE ENJOYED
HARDER SEX, SHE USUALLY
REPLIES WITH A PLEASANT
SMILE. IT WAS 1994 WHEN
REDACTION FIRST ASKED THE
FEMALE IF SHE ENJOYED
HARDER SEX. SHE REPLIED
WITH A PLEASANT SMILE.
IT WAS 1994 WHEN
REDACTION FIRST ASKED THE
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For, like precious diamonds from Africa or pearls from the Orient, this well-carved work of perfection radiates a challenge to those adventurous enough to seek its glorious rewards.

Yet, what must one look for? How does one go about achieving the ultimate conquest? In all fairness, each is equal in this game. All have the same opportunity. And, for those fortunate enough to live in California, there is no geographic difficulties.

It is recognizable by its silken-like scented black hair, invitingly slender silk-stockinged legs and glittering green eyes. When it walks, there is a rhythmic undulation which sends electric shocks to your nervous system. And, when recognized, it will automatically react in a friendly, warm and inviting fashion. The final test, of course, is the ultimate conquest which is proof positive that never again will you experience so intense and gratifying an experience!





How To Make a *FORTUNE*



There's no doubt about the financial future of Fay Fortune. As the law of supply and demand goes, Fay need not worry. Demand there's plenty of for the 5'6" fantastic female charms which are part and parcel of this dynamic bundle of health and fun. Supply, however, is quite limited. Just how much can a woman, with such sensually exotic and stimulatingly challenging possessions, give!









For Fay possesses that magical charm and, like a magnet, draws those present into a net, woven from her 24 years of female experiences. A twy which many unaware of has stumbled into, she has pleased with her every- ing passion, never wish released, others, unable cope with her strength and vitality, fight desperately for freedom and recuperation. Yet the vitality return for note





Physically, Fay is a walking, talking work of art. Her legs extend aesthetically up toward her well rounded hips, which curve inward toward her midriff and then move up toward the softness of fleshy curved rounded forms which are symbolic of the very essence of warmth, love and satisfaction. Her face, though not exceptionally beautiful, is classically well proportioned and aesthetically appealing.

Fortune is 117 pounds of warm, breathing female who but has to smile and the world comes screeching to a frantic halt and bows before this love-Goddess named Fay.







DIAMOND
STUD

